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Queen's Jubilee, Boston.

SPEECH

—BY—

Nicholas Flood Davin, Q.C., M.P.

(SECOND EDITION.)

MOOSOMIN, N.W.T.—THE SPECTATOR OFFICE.
SEPTEMBER, 1897.

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ERRATA.

Page 2, 1st column, line 8 read "the" instead of "this."

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| " 2, 2nd " | " 7 " | " "over" instead of "and." |
| " 2, " " | " 18 " | " "representation" instead of "repre- |
| " 2, " " | " 29 " | " "barbarous." [sentative." |
| " 3, 1st " | " 4 " | " "attachment." |
| " 3, " " | " 16 " | omit "the." |
| " 3, 2nd " | " 10 " | read "its" after "of." |
| " 4, 1st " | " 23 " | " "on" for "or." |
| " 4, " " | " 25 " | " "inhospitable" for "hospitable." |
| " 4, 2nd " | " 26 " | insert "servile" before "obeisance." |
| " 4, " " | " 5 " | from bottom read "splendour." |
| " 5, 1st " | " 19 " | read "converge." |
| " 6, 2nd " | " 16 " | from bottom read period after North-West. |
| " 7, " " | " 10 " | delete "in" before Winnipeg. |

The Diamond Jubilee at Boston.

Reproduced from The Spectator, Moosomin

A number of our readers having expressed a wish to read this speech we reproduce it:

There are 40,000 Britishers in Boston, most of whom have not taken the oath of allegiance to the United States. Early in the year, as we gather from the Boston Herald, the Victorian Diamond Festival Association was formed at Boston for the purpose of duly celebrating Her Majesty's Diamond Jubilee, and Mr. Davin was invited to represent Canada and to reply to what was really the toast of the evening—"The Empire and the Colonies." Her Majesty's ship, Pallas, was sent from Halifax to take part in the celebration, consisting of a procession and a colossal banquet.

"The festival," says the Boston Herald, "brought upward of 2600 persons to the tables in the great banquet hall, and made a spectacle, when the proceedings were at their height, of a character very remarkable and impressive, in the first place because of the remarkable setting which the decorators had provided for an occasion in itself quite unique.

"The big hall, with its 'immense distances,' lends itself with great effectiveness to the surprises and illusions of coloured drapery, and nothing could well be more tasteful or more superb than the art which last night robed the dark outlines of gallery and platform in those most fascinating hues of all, the lighter shades of rose, of pink, of green, of blue and of crimson, alternating, for the sake of contrast only, with the deep red designs of some gay entablature, or with the pictures of boars' heads, fabulous birds and rampant lions."

From six o'clock until ten minutes to seven in a large room adjoining the dining room Mr. Davin who had come from Ottawa to represent Canada, and Mrs. Davin held a levee at which a large number of Canadians were presented to them.

"The human interest of the occasion," adds the Boston Herald, "dominated its every other aspect. To see two thousand six hundred people at dinner was a sight in itself." As a fact 2,700 people sat down to dinner. At seven o'clock the dinner commenced. A number of distinguished people, ladies and gentlemen, were seated at the two tables on the platform and in the body of the hall over 2,600 people—the great majority Canadians. On the right and left of the President, amongst others, His Excellency the Governor of Massachusetts, Sir Dominic E. Colnaghi, H. M. Consul General and Lady Colnaghi, His Honour Mayor Quincy and Mrs. Quincy, Nicholas Flood Davin, M.P., Canada, and Mrs. Davin, Capt. Humphage, of H.M.S. Pallas, General Curtis Guild, Jr., Col. Kingscote, R.A.

"The President of the United States," "The Queen," "The Commonwealth of Massachusetts," "The City of Boston," "The Navy" and "The British Army" having been duly honoured, Gen. Curtis Guild, the toast master, proposed "The Empire and the Colonies," coupled with the name of Nicholas Flood Davin, who represented Canada. (Cheers.) The toast having been enthusiastically honoured.

Mr. Nicholas Flood Davin on rising was received with loud cheers and waving of napkins.

Mr. Davin.—Your Excellency, Mr. President, ladies and gentlemen—the Empire and the Colonies. On behalf of Canada which the Diamond Jubilee Festival Association has done me the honour to ask me to represent and on behalf of the Empire and the Colonies for which I speak, I thank you for the reception. I am in the novel position of objecting to the form of the toast to which I have to speak—"The Empire and the Colonies." Why, the Colonies are the Empire. (Cheers.) As a colonist, as a Canadian, having met this afternoon many of those who are now seated down those long and numerous tables, and learned

how deep their interest is in the great premier colony, the great Confederation whence I came, as an Imperial Confederationist I am forward to assert that the Colonies are the Empire, and that it is by colonists that Empire has been built up. (Renewed cheering.) One word by way of clearing this ground. It will be obvious that whatever time, relying on your forbearance, I may presume to take, yet having regard to the subject, my speech will be brief; that therefore my mood must be one of appreciation, not criticism—nay, must it not be one of enthusiasm? Nay, more, could any man realizing truthfully the facts of the present and the past, let him be in what critical mood he might or will feel other than enthusiastic? The critic and the historian, when he comes to deal with the sixty years whose teeming incidents our minds survey, will have qualifications and reservations to make, which even if present to us it would be improper to obtrude. And nobody here need suppose that I hold that all things which should have been done have been done, or that some things which have been done would have been better not left undone. I do not, therefore, invite your attention to an historical disquisition. I ask your attention while, for a few minutes, I touch on what is true and vital and unquestionable in the epic moment which challenges not our attention merely, but the attention of civilized mankind. (Cheers.) I know that in Boston, as all over the United States, there are British born subjects who stand aside from the British Empire, but they have no logical or historical ground for this, because the Empire which as an actuality is of comparative recent date has been built up by and is composed of Irishmen as well as Englishmen and Scotchmen—all three have fought and thought and bled the world over in extending and building and blending—weaving the wonderful web—raising that wonderful thing—without prototype or parallel—the British Empire. (Cheers.)

I saw in one of the great papers of Boston this morning a cartoon entitled "The Vacant Chair" at the Jubilee—a dinner table at which all the parts of the Empire are represented but Ireland. Near at hand is a companion picture of Erin weeping and her lost children who are hurrying to the emigrant ship, and above her head a placard "Ireland, population 1837, 8,000,000; population 1897, 4,500,000." Here are also the figures showing the increase in the population of Great Britain. But the artist did not pause to ask how many of the eight million and their descendants had gone to swell the population of England and Scotland, or to reflect that the Irish vote controls the representatives of great constituencies in the larger isle. To find the true explanation of the strong feeling amongst a large portion of the Irish people in Ireland and the world over against England, and which leads them to stand aside from these world-wide rejoicings, we have to go further back in history than the reign of Queen Victoria. No man could condemn in stronger language than I would the miserable, oppressive, unwise, barbarous tyranny at one time dealt out to Ireland, but this much must be said that there has been in recent years a breaking away from the vicious policy of the past. For myself I think it was useful to Irishmen, to Ireland, to the world, and especially to the United States that there have been such vast emigrations within the last sixty years. It is quite clear much remains in the way of wise policy to be accomplished. It has always surprised me that the Queen did not make a perfectly legitimate use of the fact that she has some Irish blood in her veins* to

[*The Queen is, I think, connected by ties of blood with every reigning family in Europe, and I have always regretted that Her Majesty did not make use of the fact that through Elizabeth de Burgh who married Lionel Duke of Clarence, one of the sons of Edward III, and was not only the heiress of the Earls of Ulster, but lineal descendant of Terlough O'Connor, the last King of Ireland. She has not made us of the fact that she has not only Irish blood, but the blood of great Irish princes in her veins. I hope that in the years to come one of her descendants will bring the reigning family into touch with the Irish people.]

establish closer personal relations between her family and Irishmen, among whose many noble qualities are gratitude and a strong capacity for personal attachments. She should have had an Irish Balmoral. This would have had a most beneficent effect. It is too late for her to remedy this, but I hope her children will destroy this historical and political hiatus. But it is well at this moment to remember two things. First that we have to judge Her Majesty as a constitutional ruler in which role no one can question her excellence and success. Secondly, there is no race has more to be thankful for or to be proud of the British colonial greatness and British imperial expansion than Irishmen. The British Empire is the growth of the last two hundred years; three-fourths of it has been created within the last sixty years, and who built it up? Have not Irishmen done their part to make Australia and Canada? Are not the names of Gavan Duffy and Barry known as those of political leaders, under the southern cross? Are not the names of Baldwin, Blake, Sullivan, Daly, Kenny, Hincks, D'Arcy Magee, known in Canada as those of statesmen and rulers of men? And what shall I say of India? Of other colonies and dependencies? Of the Governors—the Lawrences, the Dufferins, the Bourkes? The Irishman who alienates himself from the British Empire alienates himself from that which Irishmen have helped to make, of which they form a part, which their genius contributed to edify and their blood to cement. But I cannot dwell further on this, yet these remarks shed light on the nature of the theme on which it is my duty briefly to dwell—a theme the magnitude of which, its overpowering claims, might well make one pause.

There are thronging memories and beckoning associations. Standing here for the first time, on this classic ground, in the Athens of the new world, common

gratitude makes it impossible that I should forbear to do homage to those great men, who, the other day, moved among you, whose inspiration was essentially British, who were among those who gave my young mind its earliest and noblest stimulus: Emerson, Holmes, Longfellow, Lowell. (Cheers.) These are names that must not pass away. This great nation is justly proud its of democracy. Happy is the democracy which has an aristocracy of genius and knowledge, and happy is the city which can boast of giving humanity names like these. (Cheers and cries of "That's good.")

How striking, how illustrative of the humanizing influence of time the healer, as well as the avenger, that we should be assembled here under present conditions—for I am not quite so oblivious of the past as that English nobleman, who, on approaching Boston, and having Bunker Hill pointed out to him, asked, 'Who was Bunker?' and 'What did he do with his hill?' (Laughter.) It requires only a slight effort of the imagination to hear the first murmurs of the war of independence, the guns of Concord, the shouts of citizens rising against taxed tea; the cries of the embattled farmers who fired the shot heard round the world; and yet, we are met in one of the foremost cities of the great republic. To do what? To honour the diamond jubilee of the world-empire's British Queen. The grandsons of the hero-farmers join with us in drinking the health of the granddaughter of George III. (Cheers.)

This is a magnificent festival; but, contrary to rule, it is greater relatively than absolutely. Grand as it is, its grandeur is enhanced when we think that at this moment, not merely in London is the empire's Queen gathering her children around her, but that in great cities in all lands, a land like this, which no British heart can heartily call foreign—for what is this great Republic but one of the

lion's whelps grown to lionhood and for distinction's sake growing a pair of wings. (Laughter and cheers;) and calling itself a lion of the air; and as we know from a hundred battlefields, when we look at your literature and see your extraordinary power and commercial activity, we conclude that, although you may be an eagle of the air, after all there is a great deal of the British lion about you. (Cheers.) In great cities and capitals, under the southern cross, under northern auroral lights, in the eye of the lean white bear—in the light of the midnight sun, under torrid skies everywhere in the civilized world—nay, in its uncivilized corners also—wherever British energy and pluck fortitude and indomitable tenacity, have carried British commerce and arms—and where have they not?—~~everywhere in the civilized world, nay in the uncivilized corners also:~~ the same feast is held—in city and jungle, or mountain and plain; in lonely remote deserts, in far off isles and seas. There is no clime so hospitable, there is no tract so dangerous, no isle so little, no sea so lone, but over tower and turret and dome, over scud and sand and palm tree, at this hour, the flag bearing the three crosses of the three great nations of the two heroic isles, rises with solemn splendour and sublime significance; where it is day the winds of heaven reverently caress its immortal folds, and where it is night the stars salute it as a fellow star. (Applause.)

History furnishes no parallel for what is taking place here—for what is taking place the world over—for what, above all, is taking place in London.

The majority of the great empire or power displays of the past had no moral or spiritual significance. The most suggestive is that of Alexander with kings and satrapies bowing to Greek genius, and generals from whose loins great dynasties were to spring waiting on the son of Philip. Alexander's was a military depotism, but his conquests carried the Greek language and Greek literature

to the East; and although Greek civilization rested on a base of slavery it had yet for its central idea the importance of the individual and of individual culture. Still neither in power or splendour or in relation to the progress and happiness of mankind do the claims of Alexander on our interest approach what is taking place to-day.

Talk of Rome in her palmyest days, when the Republic had reached the apex of power and the ear climbed the capitol, leading captive barbaric kings and the priceless spoil of stripped and shattered nations; subjected princes from Syria; crowned chiefs of transmontane tribes; the fair-haired Dacian; the turbaned priest from Egypt; the blue-eyed Gaul followed the cortege of boastful conquest; when the wealth of the Ganges of the Nile, of the Loire, of the Rhine were poured into the lap of the Tiber; when laurelled conquerers triumphed over Pontiff Kings; when power and fear drew the leaders of a hundred tongues to the Mistress of mankind and bent their necks in obeisance. A greater—a more gorgeous—above all a nobler spectacle claims our attention on the banks of the Thames than ever dazzled the Euphrates or the Tiber. We have in London to-day the rulers of free communities, of nascent nations, wherein education is diffused among the poorest, where no slave can breathe—proffering proud voluntary allegiance, the rulers of free peoples whose meanest citizen feels himself the fractional part of a sovereign; representatives of colonial governments and colonial armies, citizen soldiers, militia, volunteers; swarthy princes and Rajahs from India's three hundred millions, Pleiaded with diamonds and belted like Orion; dusky warriors from Guinea; the Dyak from Borneo; the Maori from New Zealand; all the jewelled pomp and splendours of the East—all the enlightenment of the West: India, Africa, Australia, Canada, the islands of the sea spontaneously met in grateful tribute and willing homage. (Loud cheers.)

Never has there been a pageant so supremely moral, so superb in power, and at the same time in intellectual, moral and spiritual interest—so inspiring with the loftiest hopes for human destiny. No department of state, no function of peace, no arm of war, no dependency is unrepresented in that imposing throng, swelled by princes and ambassadors from empires and kingdoms and republics. Mr. White-law Reid, the special ambassador of this republic, great fabricant of diurnal democratic thunder, bears aloft the stars and stripes of this great free nation, side by side with the insignia of the Czar, and the flag of Switzerland gleams near the eagle of France.

All the genius and power and glory of the Empire converges in the imperial city, where the Abbey of Edward the Confessor consecrates the dust of men whose names are filed on fame's eternal bead roll, where the mighty dome of St. Paul's canopies all that is mortal of the heroes of Trafalgar and Waterloo. This pageant, more splendid in its moral aspect than in those of wealth or pomp, or domination, or power, is held under the overwhelming splendour of memories in which saints and sages, warriors and kings and poets and statesmen loom large and luminous; the great ancestors and forerunners of the Queen, the Edwards and Henrys; mailed barons and armed crusaders; Shakespeare and his brethren; Chaucer and Milton; Marlborough and Sidney; Clarendon and Burke; Chatham and his greater son—an army of immortals rise from their tombs to salute this day; the cope of the crowning cycle; the fruit of centuries of great thought and sage deed, of patience and valor and will, of heroic life and heroic death. The English Harold smiles from remote centuries on the latest, greatest and most fortunate of English rulers, and the British Arthur, the purpose of whose life a frail queen and erring woman spoiled, sees that purpose fulfilled beyond his fondest dreams by a

blameless woman and a British queen; and Victoria stainless, dutiful, realizes the ideal shattered by the beautiful and passionate Guinevere. (Loud and prolonged cheers.) And while all this is taking place in London and echoed in ten thousand centres of free life—echoed in Melbourne, in Winnipeg, in Calcutta, Vancouver, in Cape Town and Halifax, and here in this great city of another country, though not another race, look seaward! Around Spithead there moves a fleet of warships. Sea dragons—Argosies of steel clad terror—a spectacle such as the world never saw before—and this practically only the Channel fleet. I need not tell an enlightened audience like this what has been the amazing growth of the British Empire in the past sixty years. A few days ago the New York Tribune in an article did justice to "the British Golden Age," and pointed out that while other reigns had been more sensational, none had been so truly glorious, none had seen so great progress in the expansion of the Empire, in political development, in the industrial, social, intellectual and spiritual advancement of the people; the bounds of freedom have been enlarged. In every field of science and every walk of art renowns have outdazzled each other. I have dwelt on the significance of this magnificent demonstration in this great city, but not less significant is it that one of the foremost papers of this Republic which is England's grandest child, should point the finger of eulogy at the wonderful expansion of the Empire in these sixty years. That expansion is not the expansion of a conqueror. It is due to the trading adventurous instincts of the British race and if the British soldier has followed the trader it has been to protect him and help to spread freedom and enlightenment.

What is the priceless thing—the great jewel held in the mighty casket of the British Empire? Only in that Empire to-day, certainly outside the United

States, is the idea of individual liberty and of equal justice between man and man understood. And as surely as England, when Napoleon menaced the world, was the asylum of liberty and the successful protagonist of freedom so surely does the British Empire to-day carry in its mighty bosom all the best hopes of the human race. That Empire is greater morally than physically; its moral greatness surpasses its extent and power; it is not because it is world-wide; not because the sun never goes down on its flag; not because its martial airs, as your own Webster said, "keep time with the hours," that we love and honour it, but because no tyrant can live within earshot of its drum, no slave breathe with that "bloom-ing old rag overhead." (Cheers.)

Greece taught the world individual culture, æsthetic self-respect; to England alone we owe the more valuable lesson that individual liberty stands pre-eminent in value, above all else.

Canada illustrates in a special manner the broad beneficent policy and the progress of the Empire—a progress which suggests an expansion and greatness which will yet dwarf what we witness to-day. Last Sunday's Herald, one of your papers in the city, having pointed out, aided by an excellent map, how during the Queen's reign at least three-fourths of India had been acquired; to the acquisition of Fiji; parts of Borneo, Guinea and Hong Kong; to the acquisition of vast territories in Africa; to the emergence of Australia, New Zealand, Victoria, South Australia, Queensland, said, adopting the language of the New York Tribune, that "the development of the Dominion of Canada has been almost equal to the discovery of a new continent." Sixty years ago the total population of the Empire was 127½ millions. To-day it is more than treble that, being 383½ millions, or more than one-fifth of that of the whole world. Its area is now 11,334,391 square miles, three times the area of Europe, one-fifth of the area of the globe,

and of this area Canada furnishes 3,457,000 square miles—something less than one-third of the whole. Canada is not merely a colony, it is a confederation of colonies, and during the reign has marched forward with the rhythm and sequence of a great drama. When Her Majesty ascended the throne, the fire and smoke of rebellion blazed and blurred over the banks of the St. Lawrence and along the north of Lake Ontario. Everywhere the people were oppressed. But as a result of the rebellion Quebec and Ontario were united and received responsible government in 1841. Meantime in the Maritime provinces a similar constitutional struggle was going forward led in Nova Scotia by Joseph Howe (loud cheers) whose genius having achieved responsible government he became the first premier. By and by a movement for confederation arose. In Ontario two great men, rivals, but patriots, came to the front, Sir John Macdonald and George Brown; in Quebec Sir George Cartier, who had been a rebel in 1837; in New Brunswick Sir Leonard Tilley (cheers); in Nova Scotia Charles Tupper (loud cheers)—the present Sir Charles, whose indomitable will carried his Province into confederation, which became an accomplished fact, the same year in which Disraeli passed his reform bill, which for the first time put power into the hands of the masses of the United Kingdom. Meanwhile we had entered into a reciprocity treaty in 1854 with the United States and in 1856 had completed the building of the Grand Trunk railway. The Provinces confederated, we proceeded to acquire the North-West, Manitoba, British Columbia and Prince Edward Island were added to the confederation, and 1885 at a cost of 150 millions we spanned the continent with a railway from stormy Atlantic to the Pacific. Let me beg your attention for one moment while in a sentence or two I give you some idea of this great confederation of colonies which I have the honour to represent here to-night.

In 1837 there were no ocean steamers plying between Great Britain and this continent. An occasional steamer found its way into New York there to be gazed at by wondering thousands as in the case

of the "Great Western" which arrived in New York on the 23rd of April, 1838, to be detained several hours because the steward could not procure provisions enough in all New York, and she had to wait for a delayed boat load of them. But in 1897 fourteen distinct Canadian lines of steamships cross the Atlantic to and from the St. Lawrence, and I have just come from Ottawa where last week in the Parliament of Canada we voted \$500,000 a year to a fleet of greyhounds to make the trip at the rate of twenty-one knots an hour.

Look at our shipping! In 1837 the Montreal shipping arrived, consisted of 208 vessels, 50,277 tons register; in 1897 4,233 vessels, 2,156,859 tons register. In 1837 the total trade of Canada of the B.N.A. provinces, imports and exports amounted to \$28,000,000; in 1897, \$240,000,000.

In 1837 the shipping employed inwards amounted to 1,840 vessels, 617,899 tons; in 1897, to 96,641 vessels of 25,268,536 tons.

Look again at railways. We had in 1837 16 miles of railway, 1 locomotive, 4 cars, 20,000 passengers, 7,716 tons of freight. To-day, in 1897, we have 17,000 miles of railways, 2,046 locomotives, 62,000 cars, 14,810,407 passengers, 44,266,825 tons of freight. In 1837 we had 16 miles of canals five feet on sill. In this year of grace, 1897 we have 72 miles of canals from 9 to 14 feet on sill, with a submerged canal between Montreal and Quebec, made by cutting out about 25,000,000 cubic feet of earth and stone, the whole opening up a system of navigation over 2,000 miles in length at a cost of \$81,000,000. (Cheers.) You cheer that. But I have yet to tell you what is more significant as regards the Empire. We have in the last twenty-five years opened up a country known as the Canada North-West, which could supply England with all the beef, wheat, mutton, butter, pork and cheese she needs. With Canada, not to speak of Australia and India and the Cape, nobody need talk of starving Great Britain.

In 1891 we shipped eastward from Manitoba and the North-West 17,000,000 bushels of grain; in 1892 20,000,000 bushels; 1893, 17,000,000 bushels; 1894, 19,000,000 bushels; 1895, 22,000,000 bushels; in 1896, 26,000,000 bushels. We have on the Atlantic and the Pacific the finest harbors and the finest coal fields in the world. The finest coaling stations

for an imperial fleet. We have silver and gold and nickel and mica mines. We have forests all but inexhaustible; rivers and lakes; fisheries the envy of the world; mountains which you who have crossed the Rockies know surpass those of Switzerland in sublimity and terrific grandeur. We have great cities on the Pacific coast; one city only ten years old, which might be a great capital. In Winnipeg the village of 1881 is a great city to-day, and along the line westward towns and cities, most of which—I don't think you could say this of Boston—have plenty of light and yet have never had any gas. (Laughter and cheers.)

Now there are some papers which are hostile to this Great British Empire. I don't know why, any more than I can understand an Irishman being hostile to it. I know very well there have been unwise English statesmen and bad laws, but the expansion of the British Empire is the enlargement of the freedom and blessings and enlightenment of the human race. In the extension of the Empire human nature has exhibited its grandest characteristics. The foundation may have been laid by English adventure and valour, but assuredly the credit of even that cannot be claimed apart from Celtic genius. The Englishman of the fifteenth century is not a Saxon, but a mixture of Celt, Saxon, Norman. The son of Edward Tudor and Margaret Beaufort was assuredly as much Celt as he was anything else; his early education was Welsh; nor were the characteristics of his son, Henry VIII., or of his granddaughter Elizabeth, Teutonic. The line of Kings which followed the Tudors was Celtic. Henry VII. sent Cabot to discover Newfoundland. But it is in the days of Elizabeth and James we see the rudimentary imperialism of the British race: Virginia, Newfoundland, the Pilgrim Fathers (cheers), the East India Company. One hundred and fifty years after Raleigh we see England assuming a really imperial attitude; the days of Pitt, of Clive, of Wolfe, of Washington too; the great duel for Empire which ended with Waterloo. Had not by this time Pitt's wisdom and Chesterfield's made the Highlander and the Irishman, the Mac's and the O's powerful wings of the fighting forces of the Empire? Were not Irishmen and Scotchmen leaders of thought in England in the British Parliament? in literature? in the press? The greater part of the Empire has been made since, and have not Irish-

men as well as Englishmen done their share of building? I cannot understand the New York Sun's hostility to the British Empire; for the theory of the Republic precludes it from rivalry. Are not those forecastings of the doom of the British Empire a little foolish? Have they not an air of unworthy envy—an envy for which there is no justification in fact, any more than there is an historical or logical base for the hostility of certain Irishmen. And is it not impotent as well? It is admitted that no two great powers combined could cope with England, but it is said all the powers might combine. Is that likely? But suppose they did. Remember Great Britain and Ireland faced a world in arms a century ago, and never sat down until Waterloo, one of whose heroes is at this board to-night, crowned her and placed the bloody laurels of victory round her brow. (Cheers.)

The Queen's reign has been compared to that of Louis XIV. But Louis XIV, old and wearied, went painfully to the tomb in the midst of reverses of fortune and overawed by a formidable coalition. Queen Victoria sees her immense Empire increase every day and casting her eyes towards every compass and scanning the world's map she meets only with subjects to excite satisfaction and inspire hope. Louis XIV's system laid the foundation of the decadence of France, and led on by sure steps to Sedan. A comparison has been made with the Roman; but Roman power died in the extremities and the provinces in time had either to be abandoned or rose, subdued against subduer, and overwhelmed the centre from which heart and faith and valour had fled. Everything is different with the British Empire. The heart is as sound as in days of yore, and for the extremities—the imperial offshoots—the nation colonies turn not to rend, but to defend and strengthen. Under the Southern cross is an island a quarter the size of Europe with great and splendid cities which did not exist when Her Majesty ascended the throne. There is British Africa; there is the confederated half of this continent, whence I come—all saying to the ocean Queen, "our pride and glory is to serve under you and stand by your side." Macaulay, led away by a love for effect, pictured a traveller from New Zealand sitting on a broken arch of St. Paul's, and the great Daniel Webster in one his addresses reflected that if Eng-

land should pass into decay the great Republic which was her child, born in storm and bitterness and fated to greatness, would preserve her memory, her arts, her language, her love of freedom. England's time cannot come unless her Empire's time should come. Where is the nation, or combination of nations, which could meet this world wide Empire united to fight? Instead of the New Zealander sketching the ruins of St. Paul's we should have the Maori swelling the imperial army. The men living in the two heroic isles show no decay, and as for their colonial children and brethren our Toronto Highlanders beat the regulars the other day. In earlier hours of danger we sent the 100th regiment to the Imperial camp. We guided the Imperial troops up the Nile. Australia sent her sons to fight and has arranged for her own naval contingent. South Africa has followed suit. What I see is more and fuller life everywhere. It may be that we shall see despotism and tyranny and barbarism, civilized only in the art of war, combined against this Empire with its 50,000,000 of English-speaking men and millions of loyal subject races. It may be we may have to face an Armageddon in which the oceans and seas of the round world will be purple with blood and flame, and it may be, that is it is not beyond the bounds of possibility—it may be we should succumb. If so we would to use language which my gallant friend and his marines and blue jackets will understand, we would fall as they fall and die as our fathers died with the jack still floating nailed to the mast, leaving a name without a parallel and which never could have a parallel. (Cheers.) Much more likely we would send tyranny skulking to its hole, scopped up in narrower bounds and make the three-crossed flag still more the world's flag of freedom. All the signs are signs of life; of expanding material, moral and spiritual power. This Empire will go forward becoming greater in power and a still greater blessing to mankind. A federation of free nations. The centuries will make millenniums, and yet it is my belief and hope and fervent prayer that beauty's ensign will be purple on those imperial lips, and the day beyond the forecast of man when death's pale flag will be advanced on that imperial brow. (Loud and prolonged cheers, all the ladies and gentlemen in the body of the hall, over 2,600, rising to their feet and waving handkerchiefs.)

PRESS COMMENTS.

A GREAT SPEECH.

(From the Winnipeg Nor'-Wester.)

The Diamond Jubilee was characterized by much oratory, some good and some bad. The greater part of it, however excellent, will be ephemeral. Only a few noble orations will live. Among those should be the speech delivered by Mr. Nicholas Flood Davin at the Boston celebration, the full extent of which appears in this issue of the Nor'-Wester. This speech, both in regard to form and matter, is worthy of comparison with any oration which the Jubilee called forth. Its interest is added to by the uniqueness of the occasion which evoked it. A Jubilee dinner on the site of the Boston tea party was one of the most remarkable incidents of the recent celebrations. Mr. Davin's speech was entirely worthy of that unique occasion. It was worthy, also, of the centre of cis-Atlantic culture in which it was delivered. It abounds in rich periods, sparkles with felicitous phrases, is replete with happy allusions, and is solid with interesting facts. Apart altogether from its connection with the Jubilee, it has a high value as literature. There is perhaps only one Canadian who can rival Mr. Davin as an orator, using the word in its true and best sense. He has few rivals in the Empire, and the West has reason to be proud of her eloquent son.

CANADA AT BOSTON.

(From the Moosomin Spectator.)

The Spectator has had much pleasure in publishing Mr. Davin's magnificent oration at the Boston celebration of the Diamond Jubilee, which is concluded in this issue. Mr. Davin did not go to Boston in an official capacity, but yet, in a sense, he officially represented Canada on that occasion. No choice that the Boston Jubilee Committee could have made could have been more felicitous. Our friends across the line are fond of orations, and we are sure Mr. Davin's was both a surprise and a pleasure to them. Mr. Davin is an Irishman by birth, a

Canadian by choice and a Nor'-Wester. * * * It we add that his sympathies are cosmopolitan, and his reputation as an orator and man of letters of the highest order, it is plain we have an almost ideal representative to send to a country which we regret to call foreign. Mr. Davin's visit to Boston we venture to say will not soon be forgotten, and his speech will live in the minds of those who heard him, when the echoes of other jubilee speeches made by men no less prominent will have died away into the silence of eternal oblivion.

(From the Liverpool Daily Post, Aug. 31, 1897.)

"Among these speeches [speeches delivered on the occasion of Her Majesty's Jubilee] shines forth by reason of conspicuous merit, the one delivered by Mr. N. F. Davin, Q.C., a member of the Canadian Parliament, who was chosen to represent the Dominion of Canada at the Jubilee celebration in Boston. Mr. Davin's oration proves that while loyalty may grow in intensity with remoteness from the centre of Imperial Government—a fact of which the Jubilee demonstrations furnish many proofs—the power of giving it expression is not prejudiced by transplantation."

(From the Dundas Banner.)

"There is probably no other man in Canada who could have done such justice to a toast of this kind and on such an occasion as Mr. Davin."

(From the St. John's Sun.)

"Mr. Davin is in Parliament a good deal more than a western member. He is a conspicuous member of the House, able to take part in the discussion of large national questions, strong in his convictions and independent in expressing them. His absence from Parliament would not only be a loss to the Conservative party in Canada, but to the country generally, and it is not surprising that many of his fellow-members on both sides of the House will be glad to have him remain in the legislature. It is something for the western constituency that its representative should be selected by the British subjects in Boston to deliver the chief oration at the great Jubilee banquet."

PRESS COMMENTS (CONTINUED)

(From the Sentinel, Toronto, Sept. 23rd, 1897.)

"A portion of that able and brilliant effort has already appeared in the Sentinel, and doubtless our readers will remember the pleasure its perusal afforded them. * * * Of all the orations delivered in celebration of the Jubilee none were in better taste, or in more elegant terms than that of the eloquent Irish journalist and statesman who so ably represents West Assiniboia."

